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the multitude, and the air was full of shrieks and cries! Again it reared itself aloft; again it fell, amidst groans and wild appeals for mercy!

When the stranger had a little recovered from the terror that beset him he unveiled his eyes and gazed about him.

Again the god lay stretched upon his resting place; the head no longer moved, the eyes were closed, repose had descended upon it, and where the throng had striven there was the silence of annihilation.

Then the stranger perceived himself to be alone—alone with the god—and he was overcome with an anguish of fear, and turned and fled into the darkness.

THE OLD LOVE.

CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING.

Search not my face with those sweet eyes

Which once were more than dear to me,
Lest their deep gaze should there surprise

Something I would not they should see.

Though time may quiet youth's quick blood

And silence all its memories,

'Tis but a touch, and lo! the flood

Fills all the fevered arteries.

And in its surges leaps the love

That Time had slowly, sternly slain,

And pain that is all joy above

Returns to every pulse again.

So search no more my face, dear eyes,

Since this I would not have ye see,—

Thank God! in your clear depths arise

No thoughts like these to hide from me.

THREE VIEWS & K. M. SHERMAN.

He sat all the morning and gazed at a maiden who stood far ahead and whose face gave promise of love and honor.

Afternoon came and she was gone, but behind and ever receding he saw a maid, grand beyond expression.

At evening a woman stood beside him and said, "Dream no more of my shadows, for morning, noon and night I am thine."

And he recognized that Future and Past are but the reflections of the Present.

SCENE III. The Melon Garden at the Farm.—Moonlight.—Dance of the Melon Elves.—Elves hide behind melons.